

Gregory of Hampton

By ANNA S. RICHARDSON

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"Madge, didn't you spend half an hour in Mrs. Gifford's conservatory last evening?"

"Yes—her orchids are marvelous," replied the girl quietly. She returned her father's keen scrutiny without flinching. Miss Marsden was a worthy daughter of the great political leader.

"Mr. Gregory was with you—and I happen to know that he is not interested in orchids."

"Gregory of Hampton?"

The words had become the scorn of the political headquarters over which Mr. Marsden presided. In truth, Gregory of Hampton was a thorn in the wire puller's flesh. He was unapproachable, unflinching and, from Mr. Marsden's point of view, hopelessly unreasonable.

The apportionment bill was strictly framed by Marsden to give his party better control of the state legislative branches. It was not a vicious measure, but knowing that his heart was set upon it the younger element, who had begun to murmur against the iron rule of "the boss," had vigorously opposed the bill.

Its defeat meant the dethronement of Marsden and the assumption of party leadership by one of the younger men. Gregory had entered the fight under instructions from his district leaders—staid, back country farmers to whom newfangled politics did not appeal. Self-reliant and gifted with the faculty of dominating others, he had unconsciously assumed the leadership of the opposition and was already spoken of as Marsden's probable successor.

All this was passing through Marsden's mind as he watched his daughter run through her morning's mail and wished she would speak. But clearly she was not in a communicative mood.

"I suppose you help receive at the governor's reception this afternoon. Well, go where you like, though I don't care for that daughter of his. Only remember one thing, there is to be no nonsense about you and this young Gregory. The apportionment bill gives us almost complete control, and it's got to go through. Gregory by his obstinacy encourages the opposition. I've started to put it through, and I'll do it if it takes my last dollar."

"I hardly think it is worth while for you to waste money on Mr. Gregory. He's not that sort."

Marsden had risen and now stood, pale and tense, before her father, whose face had turned livid.

"Don't tell me it has gone as far as that! Would you stand by this man in preference to your father? Think, child, think. You're all I have in the world since—since your mother's gone."

The lips of the political leader twitched. The girl, who was the living, breathing image of her mother, occupied the one soft spot in his callous, scheming heart.

At mention of her mother's name Marsden turned swiftly and twined her arms around her father's neck.

"Father, dear, you make it so hard. You don't know how I love him. Can't you two agree and make me happy?"

Her father did not reply, and with a soft rustling of silken skirts she slipped from the room, closing the door gently behind her.

From her bedroom window she watched her father climb into the waiting brougham. She noted the increasing stoop of his shoulders, the languor of his step. When the carriage turned the corner, she sat down at her desk and wrote:

My Dear Mr. Gregory—I have thought and thought all night long, and still I cannot give you the answer you want. It is useless for me to make false pretenses, unless for me to deny my love for you. And yet—I am my father's all, and, no matter how happy we might be, I should always feel that I had robbed him of the reward for his faithful care of me. Can't you understand? He has been so good to me always—and I owe him everything. You must make my answer for me. This afternoon, I understand, they take another vote on the bill which stands between me and happiness. Your vote will be my answer. If it is "No," do not see me again. If it is "Yes," do not see me again. I am, as ever, your devoted daughter, MARGARET MARSDEN.

The ladies' gallery of the assembly chamber was thronged with brilliantly gowned women. The fourth day of the deadlock, and rumor had gone forth that there were prospects of a break. Members on the floor bowed to acquaintances in the gay array of butterflies. Gregory of Hampton sent but one long, searching glance in their direction, but in that look he caught a vision in the background, a slender, gray-gowned figure. A chiffon veil hid her features, but under the drooping brim of her hat he caught the glint of bronze gold hair. For an instant the hard, set look died from his eyes, and a tender smile rested on his lips. Then he glanced toward Marsden's desk. A group of men fawned upon the leader, who seemed not to notice them. His face was gray white, his eyes a steely blue. But Gregory of Hampton read behind the look of grim determination—the years of interminable struggle, to the home life sacrificed, the wife love neglected, all for political power. And this same power lay within his own grasp if the apportionment bill failed. Leadership of men or life companionship and the love of a pure woman? The plaudits of the public or the caresses of a love for which he hungered as he had never hungered and longed and yearned for anything in all his busy, success-

ful life? The house was called to order. Cold perspiration bathed his motionless figure. His arms were crossed on his breast. His eyes were fixed on the speaker.

Sudden silence fell upon the floor and the crowded galleries.

The clerk cleared his voice and nervously adjusted his glasses. Marsden sat with the tabulated vote of two days before in his hand. To Margaret it seemed as if the alphabet held a thousand letters. Would the "G's" never come.

"Finch!"

"No!" Faint applause.

"Garrity!"

"Aye!" Mingled hisses and cheers.

"Gorman!" Gregory's eyelids quivered just a trifle, and his glance shifted for an instant to the bent head with its glint of bronze gold.

"No!" Increased applause.

"Gregory!"

For one brief second Margaret's heart stopped beating.

"Aye!"

Every reporter at the tables above the speaker's head took a fresh grip on his pencil. There was a sensation. Consternation spread over the faces of the men who had been following Gregory's lead. The machine element cheered, and the speaker rapped for order.

Marsden folded his arms and glanced at the gallery, where Margaret had suddenly risen and was now making for the entrance. Just what part had she played in this little drama, he wondered. With Gregory on their side victory was assured. When he finally made his way through the crush after the vote was concluded neither his daughter nor Gregory was in sight. The former had entered her coupe, said the doorman, and another man told him that some one had seen Gregory swing into a hack, and the driver had started the horse up at a terrific pace.

But Gregory had not followed Margaret. It was dark before his ride ended, and he came back to town a trifle white in the face, but with eyes serenely happy.

Marsden came upon them in the library and extended his hand with awkward attempt at cordiality.

"I am glad you could finally see things our way," he commenced. The words died on his lips.

Margaret and Gregory turned toward him, and there was that in the latter's face which still the voice of the political leader. He gazed dumbly at this young man, born to lead, whom so much of wire pulling, no offers of political preferment, no bribe, however alluring, could move and yet who for love of this slip of a girl had deliberately turned his back on a brilliant political career.

Would he have done as much at the same age for love of this girl's mother? He looked up suddenly, and his glance met the eyes of his wife gazing at him wistfully from a large oil painting. How often her eyes had met his in real life just that same way!

For the first time in years something like a prayer of thanksgiving welled up from the heart of the "boss." The apportionment bill turned miserably insignificant. Without a word he turned upon his heel, but at the door he looked back, and a smile of real happiness, not triumph, rested on his thin, bloodless lips. His daughter's head rested confidently on the shoulder of Gregory of Hampton.

Rat Canning.

The rat has often demonstrated his intelligence. Perhaps the best known instance is that of the rats which, robbing a poultry yard, could conceive of no better way of carrying off the eggs than by getting one of their number to lie on his back and clasp the eggs on his stomach. Then several rats pulled their recumbent brother's tail, while others pushed his shoulders. Thus egg after egg was safely hidden in their burrow.

A rat has been known to cross a swollen torrent in Scotland seated on a swan's back. Other rats have made friends with dogs and fed from the same platter. When the dogs were absent they would never feed, knowing that the presence of their canine friends meant safety.

Although when driven desperate with hunger they will devour one another, in times of plenty their affection is almost human.

A Sussex clergyman has told how he saw a number of rats migrating from one district to another, and in the middle of the company was an old blind rat with a twig in his mouth, by which he was being safely led by a younger rodent.

Instances of rats leading blind comrades by the ears to feeding places and placing food close to their muzzles have been observed more than once. This is more than many human beings will do for their weaker brethren.—London Express.

Gluttonous Englishmen.

Bluffkins wandered in at the club the other night and drew his chair close to the fire.

"I wouldn't be an Englishman for anything!" he ejaculated. "They have the most gluttonous appetites on record."

"You can't prove that, bah Jove!" said Mr. Algernon Hawkins, who lived on chops and swore by his majesty.

"I can," replied Bluffkins, with unruffled composure, "and here is the proof. I was riding home in an electric last night. Two Englishmen sat next to me. 'I've just bought a stove,' said one. 'So 'ave I,' said the other. 'But mine is the best on earth. It cooks my breakfast in 'alf an hour,' said the first. 'Jove,' said the second, 'that isn't anything. I can 'eat my stove in five minutes.'"

And even Mr. Algernon Hawkins acknowledged that the Englishman did have a pretty solid appetite.

TOLEDO BLADES.

Those of Modern Make Not Comparable With the Ancient Ones.

Toledo blades are still made in the government weapon factory, but those of modern production do not compare with the ancient work. It seems to be a lost art. The genuine Toledo blades, made by the Moors, were so elastic and tough that they could be curled up like a watch spring. You can see them in the armory at Madrid, but only ordinary swords and bayonets for the army are made there today. The secret seems to have been forgotten. The steel came from England. It is the same as is used for ordinary purposes, and, as in Japan, where the art reached an equal degree of superiority, the difference in the product lay in the skill of the armorer and the process he used.

In the secondhand shops of Toledo and of the bric-a-brac dealers you can buy old swords for reasonable prices, but genuine ones, made before the sixteenth century, when the best were produced and the art began to decline, are very rare and are promptly picked up by connoisseurs whenever they are offered. The names of the old makers are as well known as those of the painters of great pictures, and a sword made by Nicholas or Dune or Don Isio or Corrientes in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is worth several times its weight in gold.

Each armorer of Toledo in ancient times, as in Japan, had his cipher, which is to be found on his blades, and there was as much rivalry among them as there is today among the opera singers. Julian del Rei, the most famous of the Moorish swordmakers, always cut the figure of a dog on the blades of his swords near the hilt, and Morillo, who was also famous, used a wolf for his coat of arms. The swordmakers of Toledo had a guild for mutual protection, but they worked separately. Each had his own secrets for refining and tempering steel, which he concealed from his rivals, but transmitted to his children, who inherited the business.—Chicago Record-Herald.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

A woman knows a woman, no matter how different they've been raised.—"The Substitute."

I hold there is but one irremediable evil in life, that of growing tired of oneself.—"The Carissima."

Judge the future by the past, but when you have a past you ain't got much future.—"Little Henry's Sister."

Perhaps it is from overwork among the poor that death has been reduced to a shadow.—"The Gray Wig."

I ain't what they call a pessimist, but I think poorly of most things. It's safer.—"The Adventures of Harry Revel."

Good breeding sums up in its instinctive attitude all the efforts a man has made toward perfection; aye, and all that his ancestors have made before him.—"John Percival."

It is no use to pretend that hard luck does not take the manhood out of a man. When he has an inferior part in life to play, he begins to look the part, and he looks the superior part when he has that to play.—"Letters Home."

Saved His Friend.

This little story is told of two Scotch laddies who, while fishing in strictly preserved water, for which only one was provided with a permit, were suddenly confronted by the bailiff. One of them quickly collected his tackle and ran his might across the field, the bailiff in quick pursuit. After covering a large tract of country the angler sat down completely exhausted and awaited the panting and enraged purser.

"Do you know that you should not fish in that water without permission?" asked the irate man.

"Yes," said the lad, "but I have permission. I've got an order."

"What made you run then, you young scoundrel?"

"Oh, just to let the other lad away—he hadn't got one."

A Horse Apiece.

First Comedian—I know something awfully funny. Second Comedian—What is it? First Comedian—Why, I was held up by a highwayman last night. But the joke was on him. I told him there was no use searching me as my wife had been through my pockets just five minutes before. Second Comedian—But I don't see that the joke was on him. It was on you. First Comedian—No, you're wrong. It wasn't on either of us. It was on my wife. There wasn't any money in my pockets to begin with!—Detroit Free Press.

What Did He Want?

A certain professor is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and announced a great family event.

"A little stranger has arrived."

"Eh?"

"It is a little boy."

"Little boy! Well, ask him what he wants!"—London Standard.

Earning and Getting.

"It was only five years ago that I started in with our firm at \$5 a week," said Bragg, "and now I earn \$50 a week without any trouble."

"That's so. It's easy to earn that," remarked Newitt, "but how much do you get?"—Philadelphia Press.

His Fame.

"I understand he was an author even before graduation from college."

"Yes, indeed. Why, he was the author of a new college yell."—Chicago Post.

Conceit is a small capital with which to begin business.—Schoolmaster.

Indigestion.

With its companions, heart burn, flatulence, torpidity, of the liver, constipation, palpitation of the heart, poor blood, headache and other nervous symptoms, sallow skin, foul tongue, offensive breath and a legion of other ailments, is at once the most widespread and destructive malady among the American people. The Herbine treatment will cure all these troubles. 50c. bottle. Sold by Antimopol Drug Store.

Doctors Said He Would Not Live

Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes: "After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Waynesburg, and still getting worse, the doctors advised me that if I had any business to attend to I had better attend to it at once, as I could not possibly live another month as there was no cure for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me by a friend, and I immediately sent my son to the store for it and after taking three bottles I began to get better and continued to improve until I was entirely well." Postoffice Drug Store. m

MASTER'S SALE.

BY AUTHORITY OF A FINAL DECREE IN chancery made by Hon. James W. Locke sitting as one of the Judges of the United States Circuit Court in a certain chancery cause lately pending in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Florida in which Oliver H. P. Beal is Complainant and Perry H. Nugent as administrator, etc., et al., are Defendants, the undersigned as master pro hac vice, appointed by the court, will expose for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday the 1st day of August, 1904, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. on said day, in front of the south door of the court house in the city of Ocala, Marion county, Florida, the mortgaged premises described in said decree, to-wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the township fifteen south, range twenty-one (21) east, in Marion county, State of Florida, to-wit: The south half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-six (26), and the west half of section twenty-six (26), and the north half of the southeast quarter of section twenty-seven (27), and the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section twenty-eight (28), and the southwest quarter of section twenty-nine (29), or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount decreed to the complainant.

CLIFFORD ANDERSON, Master Pro Hac Vice.

NOTICE.

Of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT T. C. Bailey, purchaser of tax certificate No. 1142 dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1903, has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law, said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Marion county, Florida, to-wit: Lot 15 of Bailey's sub. of east half of southeast quarter section 27, township 15, range 22. The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of party unknown. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 20th day of August, A. D. 1904. Witness my official signature and seal this 30th day of June, A. D. 1904.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Circuit Court Marion Co., Fla.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS GIVEN THAT ON the second day of January, A. D. 1903, as the administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Mrs. Eliza Keep, deceased, I will present my petition and final report and asked to be discharged as such administrator to the Hon. Robt. Bullock, county judge for Marion county, Florida.

W. L. ALLEN, Adm'r. with will annexed.

NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the Fifth Judicial Circuit of Florida, Marion county, in Chancery.

Charles Cooman, Complainant, vs. Jane C. Cooman, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED THAT THE DEFENDANT do appear in this cause and be heard by the court on or before Monday the 1st day of August, A. D. 1904.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the Ocala Banner, dated the 23rd day of June, A. D. 1904.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Circuit Court.

H. L. Anderson, Complainant Solicitor.

NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the Fifth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Marion County, in Chancery.

M. B. Lanier, Complainant, vs. Jennie Lanier, Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED THAT THE DEFENDANT herein named, Jennie Lanier, be and she is hereby required to appear to the bill of complaint in this cause on or before Monday the 5th day of September, A. D. 1904.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for eight consecutive weeks in the Ocala Banner.

Witness my hand and official seal this 20th day of June, A. D. 1904.

S. T. SISTRUNK, Clerk Circuit Court.

CARLOS I. SISTRUNK, Complainant Solicitor.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

THE FIRM OF BURTON, BRADSHAW & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Messrs C. H. Burton and F. L. Bradshaw having sold their interest in said business to the remaining partners. The firm in the future will be conducted under the name of Reynolds & Company, said company assuming all liabilities and will collect all indebtedness due said firm. The partners of the firm being J. D. Reynolds, Lydia, Vienna, Ga., D. C. Lee, Dothan, Ala., and Ed. Howell, Vienna, Ga. REYNOLDS & COMPANY, Lynne, Fla., May 25th, 1904.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I WILL on September 12th, 1904, present to Hon. Robert Bullock, county judge in and for Marion county, Florida, my accounts and vouchers for final settlement as administrator of the estate of E. M. Henderson, deceased, and will ask for a final discharge as such administrator. Dated this March 1st, 1904.

W. T. HENDERSON, Adm'r.

16m Estate of E. M. Henderson, Deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL DISCHARGE.

ON the 4TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1904, THE undersigned will present her accounts and vouchers with Hon. R. Bullock, county judge, and ask for a final settlement and discharge as administratrix of the estate of Julia P. Johnson, deceased, this 4th day of February, 1904.

FRANCES A. HOWSE, Administratrix.

25 rem 6m

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Pneumonia

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following described lands will be sold at public auction on Monday, the

Fourth Day of July, 1904.

at Ocala, in the county of Marion, or so much thereof as will be necessary to pay the amount due the city of Ocala for taxes herein set opposite to the same, together with cost of such sale and advertising:

OWNER	DESCRIPTION OF LAND	SURVEY OR ADDITION	Term and Costs
Otto Grothe	all fractional	4.0 S	8.25
R. McConathy	all fractional	5.0 S	30.37
J. A. Pittman	all	12.0 S	14.73
Otto Grothe	all	13.0 S	11.16
Mrs. D. E. Wenger	85% of s 1/2	18.0 S	5.28
Unknown	72 ft n and s by 56 ft e and w in nw corner	27.0 S	7.30
Elmira Williams	72 ft n and s by 56 ft e and w in nw corner	27.0 S	4.45
J. W. Alexander	all	27.0 S	3.38
Carmichael & Son Co	all	27.0 S	12.05
Mrs. E. S. St. John	all	27.0 S	1.13
Western Savings Bank	70 ft n and s by 66 ft e and w in sw corner	40.0 S	11.16
Mrs. L. O. Williams	all	40.0 S	15.30
Heirs of Rachel P. Perrin	all	25.0 S	6.28
Z. C. Chambliss	all	31.0 S	4.27
J. L. Brooks	all	41.0 S	4.38
J. B. Borland	all	54.0 S	3.45
J. B. Borland	com 84 ft e of nw cor	64.0 S	1.45
W. B. Goodwin	all	268	20.05
W. W. Pelter	lot 4 and s 1/2	160.0 S	11.00
W. W. Clavett	all	173.0 S	4.97
Mrs. K. B. Sternberger	all	79.0 S	7.50
Land Mortgage Bank	all	319.0 S	5.81
H. Dickerson	lots 4 and 7	24.0 S	5.81
Z. C. Chambliss	all	24.0 S	5.81
C. C. Hicks	79 ft e and w by 52 ft n and s in se corner	26.0 S	4.37
Sarah A. Gowens	n 1/2 except 72 ft e and w by 40 ft n and s in se corner	128.0 S	6.11
G. E. Gatties	32 ft n and s by 56 ft e and w in sw corner	428.0 S	4.37
Mrs. R. B. Sternberger	all	24.0 S	3.45
Unknown	all	24.0 S	3.45
Unknown	all	24.0 S	3.45
Mrs. Anna Parham	all	314.0 S	9.28
Stephen Smith	all	15.0 S	7.50
S. P. Brockington	com at nw corner	105.0 S	15.00
Miss Julia V. Wells	com at se corner	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	com at se corner	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	com at se corner	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	com at se corner	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	com at se corner	105.0 S	15.00
W. O. Parker	all	105.0 S	15.00
Mrs. Ida W. Miller	all	105.0 S	15.00
Peter Ingram	all	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	all	105.0 S	15.00
Alice M. Pawling	all	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	all	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	com 54 ft e of tp 15 sec 15 of sec 36	105.0 S	15.00
R. F. Sample	all	105.0 S	15.00
Mrs. Flora Likowski	all	105.0 S	15.00
Mrs. K. S. Perrin heirs	all	105.0 S	15.00
R. F. Sample	all	105.0 S	15.00
Mrs. F. J. Barber	all	105.0 S	15.00
Chas. W. Torrey	all	105.0 S	15.00
Mrs. F. R. Gary	all	105.0 S	15.00
Unknown	all	105.0 S	1